





## THE INDEPENDENT

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Fashion note: If all the fur tails employed these days for fringes, borders and hat trimmings were real, the animals from which they are rifled would be growing them in clusters instead of singly.

A curious fact revealed by the reports of the United States census bureau is that after people have passed a certain number of years they are as anxious to make themselves appear older than they really are as they were thirty-five years before to make themselves appear younger than their actual age. In the last census 3,504 citizens reported themselves as being aged 100 or over, and about 30,000 confessed to being 90 or over.

General Stoessel, one of the finest soldiers of modern times, writes to the czar: "Great sovereign, pardon us. We have done everything humanly possible. Judge us, but be merciful." This is the man who has just added to his country's glory by a great feat. After nearly eleven months of uninterrupted and most heroic struggle he, figuratively, crawls to the feet of the czar and asks him to "be merciful." Such is the Russian system. It leaves a bad taste in the mouths of American citizens.

The fact that the Pennsylvania railroad recently sent an order to the Baldwin Locomotive Works for three hundred and twenty-five freight locomotives doesn't seem to suggest that we have reached the top of the prosperity wave and are going down on the other side. Railroad companies never order locomotives unless they are going to have use for them. The locomotives in question are to be delivered at the rate of fifty per month, the last installment to be turned out before June 30 of the present year. Their capacity can be judged from the price to be paid—\$17,000 for each engine.

The references of nurse girls, governesses and maids of all work may yet have to state that the bearer "is not a society belle in search of copy for magazine articles." Disguised as a nurse girl, Miss Martha Bensley, of Chicago, has spent a lot of time in prominent families of the United States and is now about to score American mothers for their attitude toward their children in a series of literary productions. The subject is an interesting one and it may do a lot of good to have it aired, but some old-fashioned people may question the good taste of Miss Bensley's intensely modern method of "copy" getting.

## THE LUMBERMAN'S BAKED BEANS.

Didst ever hear—oh, ye epicure—of the lumberman's baked beans—the delicatessen of the backwoods, the twenty-one-times-a-week, stick-to-the-ribs provender that floats in amber juices and that when mined in the morning from the bean-hole emit such delicious odor as to make months water all along the border? The cook and the cookee join drives in building up this monument to high art in culinary. The woods cook usually bakes a tin wash-boiler nearly full of beans, first parboiling them before he gets them ready for the pot. Then he peels an onion and slices it into the bottom of the pot. Then he pours in half the beans; then slices over them another onion; then puts in the chunks of salt pork; then douses in the rest of the beans. Over all this he pours a pint of molasses and then more pork. Just enough water is added to cover the beans, and then a sheet of birch bark is placed over the top of the pot and the cover pounded tight. When the water begins to steam the bark swells and seals the pot, holding in all the flavor. The cookee (there's all the difference in the world between the cook and the cookee) builds the fire in the bean hole. When the birch wood has heated the stones that line the hole and has itself burned to red-hot coals, most of the coals are taken out and the beans put in. The beans are placed in the hole in the afternoon. They stay there all night. In the morning they are dug out. All other baked beans are false on the name, for these have the sauce of the pine and the spruce. And they're eating them every day up in the woods of Maine.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

## OYAMA PASSES IT ON

Sends News of Surrender of  
Port Arthur to Russians  
Near Mukden.

## KUROPATKIN'S ARMY SHOCKED

Had Expected Longer Resistance.  
Russians Leave Port Arthur to Embark at Dainy for Japan—But 80 Officers Give Parole.

Berlin, Jan. 7.—The Lokal Anzeiger's Mukden correspondent in a dispatch dated Jan. 6 says:

"Field Marshal Oyama has sent a letter to General Kuropatkin communicating the news of the capitulation of Port Arthur and praising the bravery of its defenders. The effect of the news was especially confounding, last reports anticipating a long resistance. It is believed it will immediately influence the situation on the Shakhe river.

"Continued and intense cannonading has been heard since dawn along the railroad near Sinchinpu and Shakhe. A resumption of the cannonading tomorrow is expected."

Tokio, Jan. 7.—A report from General Nogai says that at General Stoessel's request Nogai and Stoessel met at Shushui village. Their meeting, which was entirely personal, continued for two hours. No details were given.

A report received at noon gives details of Thursday's transfer of prisoners as follows: "The fifth rifle regiment, 55 officers and 1,647 men; the thirteenth rifle regiment, 38 officers and 655 men; the fourteenth rifle regiment, 32 officers and 832 men; the fifteenth rifle regiment, 50 officers and 1,353 men; the sixteenth rifle regiment, 30 officers and 1,004 men. Total, 208 officers and 5,451 men."

## Seared at Prospect of Peace.

London, Jan. 7.—Speculators who have been selling Russian and Japanese bonds, becoming frightened at the rumors of peace, have been insuring against an early termination of the war. Policies were taken out at Lloyd's against a cessation of hostilities prior to April 30. Thirty guineas per cent was charged by the underwriters, but owing apparently to the belief that the prospects of peace are allimmer only 25 guineas are now charged.

A dispatch from Tokio says that at the conclusion of the interview between Generals Nogai and Stoessel the latter begged to present to General Nogai his favorite Arabian charger. General Nogai courteously declined personal acceptance, pointing out that it came under the category of war material to be surrendered, but he consented to accept the animal in the name of the Japanese army.

According to the Daily Mail's correspondent at Chifoo, Baron Kliest, a Russian naval officer, the Japanese fire on the forts was so accurate that the men regarded an order to serve in a fort as a sentence to death. Many died without visible wounds, from the mere violence of the concussion of huge Japanese shells, which made blood burst from the eyes, mouth and nostrils of those standing near. Early in the siege the ranks of the Russian artillery were so depleted that infantrymen had to be employed to serve the guns.

## Japanese Army Celebrates.

Mukden, Jan. 7.—The Japanese celebrated the incoming of the new year on Jan. 2, and the sounds of music could be plainly heard inside the Russian lines wherever the positions of the two armies were close. According to the Japanese custom an immense number of kites and paper balloons were sent up. Some of the latter, seven feet in diameter, which fell inside the Russian lines, bore the inscription in Russian, "Happy New Year."

The Japanese tried to combine business with pleasure and while the festivities were in progress an attack was made upon the village of Volto in front of one of their positions. The Russians replied with artillery on the right and center and prevented the Japanese from occupying the village.

Port Arthur, Jan. 7.—Only 80 Russian officers have accepted parole. All the regular Russian troops have marched out of Port Arthur and have left for Port Dainy. Japanese troops entered the city to keep order. Non-combatants are allowed the option of remaining at Port Arthur.

The Japanese navy is removing mines and the Japanese hulks at the harbor mouth. All the forts have been taken over by the Japanese.

General Stoessel Going Home.  
General Stoessel and the other Russian officers who will leave Port Arthur on parole will return to their homes via Nagasaki.

Paris, Jan. 7.—A depressed feeling prevailed on the bourse owing to fear of internal disorders in Russia and prices closed feeble. Russian Imperial 4s were quoted at 89.60 and Russian bonds of 1901 at 199.00.

## Train Snowbound Two Days.

Halifax, N. S., Jan. 7.—A Nova Scotia Central train has reached here after having been snowbound 48 hours during which time the 100 passengers suffered intensely from cold and hunger.

## New York Japs to Celebrate.

New York, Jan. 7.—American citizens have been preparing for a mass meeting of Japanese citizens to be held in Carnegie hall Sunday to celebrate the surrender of Port Arthur.

## HUSBAND DIDN'T LOVE HER.

That is Why, Mrs. Joslyn Says, She Gave Him Poison.

Mason, Mich., Jan. 7.—Mrs. Carrie Joslyn of Wheatfield township, now in the jail in this city on the charge of poisoning William Joslyn, her husband, seems dazed and sick. Although she admits she put arsenic in her husband's coffee in a singular mental state she cannot explain, she believes that he died of malignant measles, as the doctors first certified. But she lays all her troubles to the fact that her husband's love toward her was cold, while she craved attention and kindness.

"My heart was starving for kindness," she declared, "and that is the story of all that has happened in the last few months. I warn all young girls not to accept any love but a close affection, a love that will include the little things women like, love that expresses itself."

"I am charged with my husband's death. I attempted to kill him in the one moment of my life when I fell from God."

"Mr. Swan seemed to love my children more than my husband did. He was far more thoughtful of me. I saw it, he saw it; jealousy was forcing us apart. He kept aloof from me and from my children. We lived under the same roof, strangers in heart."

No trace has been found of Isaac Swan, the hired man who bought the poison with which Mrs. Joslyn killed her husband.

## MIXUP ON ELEVATED.

Electrician Killed Because of Failure to Flag a Train.

New York, Jan. 7.—One man was killed and half a dozen persons injured in a collision, in which three trains were mixed up, on the Ninth avenue elevated at Horatio and Greenwich streets.

The trouble was primarily due to the blowing out of a fuse on a three-car train. It was stopped and Cyrus W. Metz, age 21, an electrician, crawled under the rear truck to replace the fuse. A longer train which followed was warned in time by a flagman and was brought to a halt half a dozen feet behind the stalled cars. A moment later a third train, which, it is said, had not been warned of the obstruction, swung around the curve and ran into the second train, telescoping the rear car and pushing the train into the one stalled ahead. Metz was crushed to death.

In the rear car of the second train the passengers were thrown into a panic when the motor car crumpled up the rear platform and crashed into the car a dozen feet. Many, warned by the crash, reached the forward end of the car in time to escape, but half a dozen were caught and badly cut and bruised by flying glass and timbers.

## BEYOND JEROME'S REACH.

Wealthy New York Widow Puts Ocean Between Her and the Law.

New York, Jan. 7.—Interest in the so-called Dodge-Morse tangle, increased when it was announced that Mrs. William B. Gelshenen, widow of a millionaire banker, who was wanted by the district attorney to testify before the grand jury, left America Jan. 3 for a European trip. Immediately upon this announcement came a statement from her attorneys, among them James M. Beck, who said his client had sailed according to previous arrangement and independent of the grand jury investigation into the "Morse matter," followed by one from District Attorney Jerome's office to the effect that counsel for Mrs. Gelshenen "could not deny that my letter to Mrs. Gelshenen was in his hands before she sailed for Europe."

The district attorney is also quoted as saying that the "so-called Dodge-Morse case is a live wire," that "several members of the legal fraternity in New York have picked the wire up and have been short-circuited," and that "the voltage is very high and the amperage sufficient to make any one dance who may handle it."

## POINTS AGAINST TUCKER.

Mabel Page's Brother Testifies in Famous Murder Trial.

Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 7.—Two points deemed important by the state were developed in the trial of Charles L. Tucker on the charge of murdering Miss Mabel Page. One of these was the statement of Harold Page, the brother of the murdered woman, that he had been acquainted with Tucker for more than six years and that the latter had called twice at the Page home, the first time at the invitation of the witness.

The other feature was the statement of M. D. Ewell of Evanston, Ill., a handwriting expert, that the person who wrote the address "J. L. Morton, Charlestown, Mass.," on a piece of paper found on the floor of Miss Page's room after the murder was the person who filled out and signed the sales slip, alleged by the government to have been made out by Tucker while he was a salesman for a Boston firm of stationers.

## DON'T APPROVE OF SMOOT.

Reorganized Mormons Desire That He Be Unseated.

Columbus, O., Jan. 7.—The Ohio conference of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints will be held in Columbus on Jan. 25 and 26. Church dignitaries from all over the country will be present, among them the son of Prophet Isaac Smith.

They will protest against the seating of Reed Smoot, or if congress has already unseated him by that time they will forward a letter of approval to the government.

## FIGHT ON IN DENVER

Joint Session of House and Senate Proves Disorderly Gathering.

## MANY SENATORS LEAVE HALL

Lieutenant Governor and the Speaker Have Dispute About Who Shall Preside—Former Adjourns Joint Session and Quits Room.

Denver, Jan. 7.—Behind locked doors and amid scenes of great confusion and excitement the Colorado legislature passed a resolution creating a committee of 15 members to canvass the vote cast for governor at the last election and submit a final report to the legislature not later than 2 o'clock on the afternoon of next Monday. The committee is composed of five senators and 10 representatives, the political division being 12 Republicans and three Democrats. It organized by the election of Senator Arthur Cornforth of Colorado Springs as chairman and will commence hearing evidence today.

The trouble began with the first second of the joint session and continued until its close. It was understood that there would be a conflict over the respective rights of Speaker Dickson and Lieutenant Governor Haggott to preside over the joint session. The speaker based his opinion of his right to preside upon a section of the state constitution which says that immediately upon the organization of the house the speaker shall open and publish the election returns in the presence of a majority of both branches of the legislature.

Lieutenant Governor Haggott construed his right to direct the proceedings upon a statute which declares that in conducting any contested election the general assembly shall convene in joint session and that the president of the senate shall preside unless he is the contestant.

Legal advice was given to each gentleman that his position was correct. Lieutenant Governor Haggott was assured that the wording of the statute amply covered the case. Speaker Dickson was advised by his attorneys that the occasion was not officially known to be a contest and that a provision of the state constitution always overrides a statute when the two are in conflict.

## SMUGGLED GEMS LOCATED.

Mrs. Chadwick's Fellow Travelers Brought in \$50,000 Worth.

Cleveland, Jan. 7.—The Plaindealer says this morning: The investigation into the charge that large quantities of diamonds were smuggled into this country by parties returning from Europe with Mrs. Cassie L. Chadwick has resulted in the location of some \$60,000 worth of gems.

There will be no immediate seizure of the property. It is reported that some of the diamonds are lying in the safety deposit vaults of banks in this city and New York.

The reason that immediate seizure is not ordered is explained by the fact that formal identification is necessary. This process requires an inventory and descriptive list procured from the original sellers of the diamonds. Government agents in Europe have either already secured this inventory or are at work securing the necessary information at present.

## HAS DIAMONDS TO SELL.

Comptroller of Currency Gets Them from Defunct Oberlin Bank.

Washington, Jan. 7.—The comptroller of the currency has in his possession an emerald ring and a diamond sunburst brooch that are said to have at one time belonged to Mrs. Chadwick. They were deposited with the failed Citizens National bank of Oberlin, O., as collateral. When the bank failed the jewelry was taken possession of by the receiver and it will be sold the same as the other assets of the bank.

They were not deposited by Mrs. Chadwick, although it is said they once belonged to her. The jewels have not been appraised and the comptroller is unable to approximate their value.

## ONE IN FOUR FAILURES.

Cuyahoga County Marriages End in the Divorce Court.

Cleveland, Jan. 7.—Cuyahoga county again furnishes startling divorce figures, this time for the calendar year 1904. These show that the number of persons who ask for divorce equals 24 per cent, or nearly one-fourth of the marriage licenses issued. Every fourth couple seeks a divorce. The exact figures are: Marriage licenses issued, 3,854; divorce suits filed, 929.

The total number of suits of all kinds for the year was 4,339 in the common pleas court, and 21 per cent of these were divorce suits. The judges divorced 632 couples, equal to 16 per cent of the marriage licenses issued.

## Heart of Defender Victim Found.

Huntington, W. Va., Jan. 7.—While men were searching for dead bodies from the towl-out Defender they found a human heart lying in one of the barges ahead of the boat. Not a valve was left, everything having been removed as though by a surgeon's knife.

## B. &amp; O. TRAIN RUNS AWAY.

Four Trainmen Killed in Accident Near Glencoe, Pa.

Connellsville, Pa., Jan. 7.—An east-bound freight train of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, consisting of engine 1730 and 40 loaded cars, was derailed on a curve west of Glencoe, Pa. Four men were killed and Charles S. Beckley of Newburg, N. Y., was severely injured. Twenty cars were badly damaged.

As the train was passing through Sand Patch viaduct, about 25 miles west of Cumberland, the air hose burst and while making repairs Conductor J. E. Leclercy was overcome by gas and smoke. Engineer J. W. Woods cut the engine from the train and took the conductor to the east end of the tunnel to save his life. In the meantime the air leaked and loosened the brakes on the train, which started off down the grade. The front and middle brakeman fell over in a ditch in the tunnel from inhaling gas and called to the flagman to cut the cabooses loose. This was done in order to pick them up and take them out of the tunnel, where they would have soon died.

The engine had just started back in the tunnel when it was met by the runaway train coming out. Engineer Woods was standing in the gangway and the concussion knocked him off the engine. The regular fireman jumped off. The engineer lost control of the train and it ran down to the curve where the cars left the track. East and westbound tracks were damaged and blocked for some time.

## WARD R. BLISS DEAD

Pneumonia Ends Brilliant Career of Leading Politician.

Philadelphia, Jan. 7.—The Hon. Ward R. Bliss, representative in the state legislature from Delaware county, is dead in this city. Mr. Bliss had been ill for some days of pneumonia.

Mr. Bliss was serving his eighth consecutive term in the house of representatives from Delaware county. He was born in Lewisburg, Union county, Pa., Dec. 15, 1855, and is of New England descent. In 1874 he was graduated from the university at Lewisburg, now Bucknell university, in which his father was professor in Greek and Latin. In the same year he removed to Chester, Pa. He taught school while he was reading law, and was admitted to the bar in 1878. Since 1881 he had published a legal journal, of which seven volumes have been printed in book form under the title of "The Delaware County Reporter." He also published a "Digest of the Local Laws of Delaware County." From 1882 to 1891 he edited and published the Delaware County Republican. In 1887 he was chairman of the Republican county committee.

Mr. Bliss was prominently mentioned in connection with the speakership of the house in 1899 and 1901. His successor in the house of representatives will be voted for at the February election.

## HAS HIS COFFIN READY.

Dr. Frank Cowan of Greensburg Said to Be Dying.

Greensburg, Pa., Jan. 7.—Dr. Frank Cowan, lecturer, traveler, author and historian, who made three trips around the world, is nearing death at Mountain Park house, near here, where he lives a one, save a nurse.

He has placed in his room a rude coffin made of ordinary flooring boards by John Wathour, a carpenter. The box is without a lid. Although in possession of considerable wealth he has directed that his body, when he dies, be placed therein and carried to a grave already prepared in a remote corner of the beautiful park.

When the coverless box shall be lowered into the grave, the doctor has directed that quicklime be poured into the grave to a depth fully covering the box, and then filled up with clay. He is particularly anxious that the expense of his burial does not exceed \$15. The box cost \$7, the grave \$6 and the lime it is expected will not cost more than \$2.

## STAGE HORSE STUMBLES.

Falls Into Orchestra and Jockey Dies of Injuries.

London, Jan. 7.—At the Coliseum, the largest music hall in London, and which was opened a fortnight ago, a vivid representation of the derby is produced by a revolving stage. Last night Jockey Dent, riding the outside horse, attempted to pull across, but his horse stumbled on the ironwork surrounding the revolving platform and rolled over the proscenium into the orchestra beneath.

Dent was thrown violently on his head and was taken to a hospital unconscious, where he died soon afterwards. Another fatal accident occurred during the same play.

## Two Railroaders Killed.

Port Wayne, Ind., Jan. 7.—J. R. Good and P. G. Ungerer, of this city, signal men employed by the Pennsylvania railroad, at Ada, O., were struck by a train and both were killed.

## Three Laborers Killed.

New York, Jan. 7.—Three Italian laborers on the Long Island railroad were struck and killed by a passenger train at Duntun, L. I., and four were badly hurt.

## \$800,000 for Diving Boats.

Washington, Jan. 7.—Secretary Morton soon will sign a contract with an American company for four submarine boats, costing \$800,000.

## Old City Hall Burned.

Springfield, Mass., Jan. 7.—The city hall, built in 1855, was burned.

## WANTS ACTION SOON

President Will Plead With Obdurate Lawmakers at Conference Today.

## THEY ARE RELUCTANT TO ACT

Leaders in House and Senate Averse to Any Railroad Legislation at This Session—Roosevelt Will Try to Alter Their Decision.

Washington, Jan. 7.—President Roosevelt has invited a number of Republican senators and representatives to a conference at the White House to day at 2:30 p. m. An effort will be made at the conference to harmonize differences among the Republicans as to the legislation to be enacted at the present session and to secure unanimity of action regarding action in the future.

An effort is being made in congress by Speaker Cannon and the members of the senate committee on appropriations to scale down all appropriations. This has aroused some antagonism among senators and representatives who are interested in the appropriations for river and harbor improvements, for public buildings and for the extension of the navy.

It is suggested also that legislation regarding the proposed increase of the powers of the interstate commerce commission, the tariff and the federal incorporation of companies doing an interstate business will be considered. It is known that the president is interested in the subject of the tariff to such an extent that he would call an extraordinary session of congress for its consideration, but it is said to be quite improbable that a session earlier than next fall would be called, and it is not certain that one will be called for that time. The president desires, however, that affirmative action be taken by congress, both as to the tariff and as to the increase of the powers of the interstate commerce commission, and he hopes this action may be taken at a reasonably early date. Members of congress who are frequent callers at the White House have indicated that no action is likely to take place before next fall.

## ENLIVENED BY BAKER.

New York Democrat in House Criticizes the President.

Washington, Jan. 7.—The house passed the fortifications appropriation bill and adjourned until Monday. After Mr. Littauer of New York had drawn a lesson from the siege of Port Arthur to show that submarine mines had proven of the greatest importance in warfare, Mr. Baker enlivened the proceedings by attacking President Roosevelt, who, he said, wanted to hold himself up as the "counterpart of Wilhelm II, the Great War God." Later Mr. Baker found fault with the provision in the bill permitting the free entry of such war material as might be purchased abroad, and charged the Republican party as being frauds in their contention that the foreigners paid the tax.

Senator Bard occupied the entire time of the senate given to the joint statehood bill. He made an argument against the union of Arizona and New Mexico on the grounds that the people of the two territories did not desire it. The nomination of W. D. Crum, a negro, to be collector of customs for the port of Charleston, S. C., has been confirmed by the senate by a vote of 33 to 17. Crum had been nominated by the president three times and in addition had received three recess appointments.

## RICE SUIT DISMISSED.

Complaint Against Standard Oil Company Thrown Out of Court.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 7.—Judge Lanning in the United States circuit court has filed an opinion striking out the declaration in the suit brought by George Rice of Marietta, O., against the Standard Oil company. Rice sued for heavy damages under the Sherman anti-trust laws, claiming that the Standard Oil company had driven him out of business from which he was making \$50,000 a year. The decision is based entirely upon technical defects of the bill of complaint and does not go into the merits of Rice's complaint.

Judge Lanning says there is a duplicity of pleading and that the averments are indefinite and uncertain. He says, for instance, that Rice claims to have been injured by freight discriminations, but that in the averment alleging this he does not state by whom this discrimination was done. The opinion is a general analysis of the declaration as one that deals entirely too much with generalities and gives no opportunity for defense.

## Stringing Wireless Wires.

Rome, Jan. 7.—Marconi has signed a convention with the government for the construction of an ultra-potent wireless station at Caltano, near Pisa, for communication with Poldhu, Cape Cod and Cape Breton.

## Funeral of Theodore Thomas.

Chicago, Jan. 7.—The funeral of Theodore Thomas in St. James Episcopal church took place with simple rites. Only a burial service of the Episcopal church was read.

President Belongs to Camp Fire Club. Washington, Jan. 7.—President Roosevelt has been made an honorary member of the Camp Fire Club of America.



# The Simple Life

By CHARLES WAGNER

Translated From the French by Mary Louise Wendon

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[CONTINUED.]

He who tries to penetrate into the humble underworld of society is not slow to discover great misery, physical and moral. And the closer he looks the greater number of unfortunates does he discover, till in the end this assembly of the wretched appears to him like a great black world, in whose presence the individual and his means of relief are reduced to helplessness. It is true that he feels impelled to run to the succor of these unfortunates, but at the same time he asks himself, "What is the use?" The case is certainly heartrending. Some, in despair, end by doing nothing. They lack neither pity nor good intention, but these bear no fruit. They are wrong. Often a man has not the means to do good on a large scale, but that is not a reason for failing to do it at all. So many people absolve themselves from any action on the ground that there is too much to do! They should be recalled to simple duty, and this duty is the case of which we speak is that each one, according to his resources, leisure and capacity, should create relations for himself among the world's disinherited. There are people who by the exercise of a little good will have succeeded in enrolling themselves among the followers of ministers and have ingratiated themselves with princes. Why should you not succeed in forming relations with the poor and in making acquaintances among the workers who lack somewhat the necessities of life? When a few families are known, with their histories, their antecedents and their difficulties, you may be of the greatest use to them by acting the part of a brother with the moral and material aid that is yours to give. It is true you will have attacked only one little corner, but you will have done what you could and perhaps have led another on to follow you. Instead of stopping at the knowledge that much wretchedness, hatred, disunion and vice exist in society you will have introduced a little good among these evils. And by however slow degrees such kindness as yours is emulated the good will sensibly increase and the evil diminish. Even were you to remain alone in this undertaking you would have the assurance that in fulfilling the duty, plain as a child's, which offered itself to you were doing the only reasonable thing. If you have felt it so, you have found out one of the secrets of right living.

In its dreams man's ambition embraces vast limits, but it is rarely given to us to achieve great things, and even then a quick and sure success always rests on a groundwork of patient preparation. Fidelity in small things is at the base of every great achievement. We too often forget this, and yet no truth needs more to be kept in mind, particularly in the troubled eras of history and in the crises of individual life. In shipwreck a splintered beam, an oar, any scrap of wreckage, saves us. On the tumbling waves of life, when everything seems shattered to fragments, let us not forget that a single one of these poor bits may become our plank of safety. To despise the remnants is demoralization.

You are a ruined man, or you are stricken by a great bereavement, or, again, you see the fruit of toilsome years perish before your eyes. You cannot rebuild your fortune, raise the dead, recover your lost toil, and in the face of the inevitable your arms drop. Then you neglect to care for your person, to keep your house, to guide your children. All this is pardonable, and how easy to understand! But it is exceedingly dangerous. To fold one's hands and let things take their course is to transform one evil into worse. You who think that you have nothing left to lose will by that very thought lose what you have. Gather up the fragments that remain to you and keep them with scrupulous care. In good time this little that is yours will be your consolation. The effort made will come to your relief, as the effort missed will turn against you. If nothing but a branch is left for you to cling to, cling to that branch, and if you stand alone in defense of a losing cause do not throw down your arms to join the rout. After the deluge a few survivors reseeded the earth. The future sometimes rests in a single life as truly as life sometimes hangs by a thread. For strength go to history and nature. From the long travail of both you will learn that failure and fortune alike may come from the slightest cause, that it is not wise to neglect detail and, above all, that we must know how to wait and to begin again.

In speaking of simple duty I cannot help thinking of military life and the examples it offers to combatants in this great struggle. He would little understand his soldier's duty who, the army once beaten, should cease to brush his garments, polish his rifle and observe discipline. "But what would be the use?" perhaps you ask. Are there not various fashions of being vanquished? Is it an indifferent matter to add to defeat discouragement, disorder and demoralization? No; it should never be forgotten that the least display of energy in these terrible moments is a sign of life and hope. At once everybody feels that all is not lost.

During the disastrous retreat of 1813, in the heart of the winter, when it

had become almost impossible to present any sort of appearance, a general, I know not who, one morning presented himself to Napoleon in full dress and freshly shaved. Seeing him thus, in the midst of the general demoralization, as elaborately attired as if for parade, the emperor said, "My general, you are a brave man!"

Again, the plain duty is the near duty. A very common weakness keeps many people from finding what is near them interesting; they see that only on its paltry side. The distant, on the contrary, draws and fascinates them. In this way a fabulous amount of good will is wasted. People burn with ardor for humanity, for the public good, for fighting distant wrongs; they walk through life, their eyes fixed on marvelous sights along the horizon, treading meanly on the feet of passers-by or jostling them without being aware of their existence.

Strange infirmity, that keeps us from seeing our fellows at our very doors! People widely read and far traveled are often not acquainted with their fellow citizens, great or small. Their lives depend upon the co-operation of a multitude of beings whose lot remains to them quite indifferent. Not close to whom they owe their knowledge and culture, not their rulers nor those who serve them and supply their needs, have ever attracted their attention. That there is ingratitude or impotence in not knowing one's workmen, one's servants—all those, in short, with whom one has indispensable social relations—this has never come into their minds. Others go much further. To certain wives their husbands are strangers, and conversely. There are parents who do not know their children; their development, their thoughts, the dangers they run, the hopes they cherish, are to them a closed book. Many children do not know their parents, have no suspicion of their difficulties and struggles, no conception of their aims. And I am not speaking of those piteously disordered homes where all the relations are false, but of honorable families. Only all these people are greatly preoccupied; each has his outside interest that fills all his time. The distant duty—very attractive, I don't deny—claims them entirely, and they are not conscious of the duty near at hand. I fear they will have their trouble for their pains. Each person's base of operations is the field of his immediate duty. Neglect this field, and all you undertake at a distance is compromised. First, then, be of your own country, your own city, your own home, your own church, your own workshop; then, if you can, set out from this to go beyond it. That is the plain and natural order, and a man must fortify himself with very bad reasons to arrive at reversing it. At all events, the result of so strange a confusion of duties is that many people employ their time in all sorts of affairs except those in which we have a right to demand it. Each is occupied with something else than what concerns him, is absent from his post, ignores his trade. This is what communicates life. And it would be so simple for each one to be about his own matter.

Another form of simple duty. When damage is done who should repair it? He who did it. This is just, but it is only theory, and the consequence of following the theory would be the evil in force until the malefactors were found and had offset it. But suppose they are not found, or suppose they cannot or will not make amends? The rain falls on your head through a hole in the roof or the wind blows in at a broken window. Will you wait to find the man who caused the mischief? You would certainly think that absurd. And yet such is often the practice. Children indignantly protest, "I didn't put it there, and I shall not take it away!" And most men reason after the same fashion. It is logic. But it is not the kind of logic that makes the world move forward.

On the contrary, what we must learn and what life repeats to us daily is that the injury done by one must be repaired by another. One tears down, another builds up; one defaces, another restores; one stirs up quarrels, another appeases them; one makes tears to flow, another wipes them away; one lives for evil doing, another dies for the right. And in the workings of this grievous law lies salvation. This also is logic, but a logic of facts which makes the logic of theories pale. The conclusion of the matter is not doubtful. A single hearted man draws it thus: Given the evil, the great thing is to make it good and to set about it on the spot. Well indeed if Messrs. the Malefactors will contribute to the reparation, but experience warns us not to count too much on their aid.

But, however simple duty may be, there is still need of strength to do it. In what does this strength consist or where is it found? One could scarcely tire of asking. Duty is for man an enemy and an intruder so long as it appears as an appeal from without. When it comes in through the door he leaves by the window; when it blocks up the windows he escapes by the roof. The more plainly we see it coming the more surely we flee. It is like those police, representatives of public order and official justice, whom an adroit thief succeeds in evading. Alas, the officer, though he finally collar the thief, can only conduct him to the station, not along the right road. Before man is able to accomplish his duty he must fall into the hands of another power than that which says, "Do this, do that; shun this, shun that, or else beware!"

This is an interior power; it is love. When a man hates his work or goes about it with indifference all the forces of earth cannot make him follow it with enthusiasm, but he who loves his office moves of himself; not only is it needless to compel him, but it would be impossible to turn him aside. And this is true of everybody. The great thing is to have felt the sanctity and

immortal beauty in our obscure destiny; to have been led by a series of experiences to love this life for its griefs and its hopes; to love men for their weakness and their greatness and to belong to humanity through the heart, the intelligence and the soul. Then an unknown power takes possession of us, as the wind of the sails of a ship, and bears us toward pity and justice, and, yielding to its irresistible impulse, we say, "I cannot help it; something is there stronger than I." In so saying the men of all times and places have designated a power that is above humanity, but which may dwell in men's hearts. And everything truly lofty within us appears to us as a manifestation of this mystery beyond. Noble feelings, like great thoughts and deeds, are things of inspiration. When the tree buds and bears fruit it is because it draws vital forces from the soil and receives light and warmth from the sun. If a man, in his humble sphere, in the midst of the ignorance and faults that are his inevitably, consecrates himself sincerely to his task, it is because he is in contact with the eternal source of goodness. This central force manifests itself under a thousand forms. Sometimes it is indomitable energy; sometimes winning tenderness; sometimes the militant spirit that grasps and uproots the evil; sometimes maternal solicitude, gathering to its arms from the wayside where it was perishing, some bruised and forgotten life; sometimes the humble patience of long research. All that it touches bears its seal, and the men it inspires know that through it we live and have our being. To serve it is their pleasure and reward. They are satisfied to be its instruments, and they no longer look at the outward glory of their office, well knowing that nothing is great, nothing small, but that our life and our deeds are only of worth because of the spirit which breathes through them.

## CHAPTER VI. SIMPLE NEEDS.

WHEN we buy a bird of the fancier, the good man tells us briefly what is necessary for our new pensioner, and the whole thing—hygiene, food and the rest—is comprehended in a dozen words. Likewise, to sum up the necessities of most men, a few concise lines would answer. Their regime is in general of supreme simplicity, and so long as they follow it all is well with them, as with every obedient child of Mother Nature. Let them depart from it, complications arise, health fails, gaiety vanishes. Only simple and natural living can keep a body in full vigor. Instead of remembering this basic principle we fall into the strangest aberrations.

What material things does a man need to live under the best conditions? A healthful diet, simple clothing, a sanitary dwelling place, air and exercise. I am not going to enter into hygienic details, compose menus or discuss model tenements and dress reform. My aim is to point out a direction and tell what advantage would come to each of us from ordering his life in a spirit of simplicity. To know that this spirit does not rule in our society we need but watch the lives of men of all classes. Ask different people of very unlike surroundings this question: What do you need to live? You will see how they respond. Nothing is more instructive. For some aboriginals of the Parisian asphalt there is no life possible outside a region bounded by certain boulevards. There one finds the respirable air, the illuminating light, normal heat, classic cookery, and, in moderation, so many other things without which it would not be worth the while to promenade this round ball.

On the various rungs of the bourgeois ladder people reply to the question, What is necessary to live? by figures varying with the degree of their ambition or education, and by education is oftentimes understood the outward customs of life, the style of house, dress, table—an education precisely skin deep. Upward from a certain income, fee or salary life becomes possible; below that it is impossible. We have seen men commit suicide because their means had fallen under a certain minimum. They preferred to disappear rather than retrench. Observe that this minimum, the cause of their despair, would have been sufficient for others of less exacting needs and envious to men whose tastes are modest.

On lofty mountains vegetation changes with the altitude. There is the region of ordinary flora, that of the forests, that of pastures, that of bare rocks and glaciers. Above a certain zone wheat is no longer found, but the vine still prospers. The oak ceases in the low regions; the pine flourishes at considerable heights. Human life, with its needs, reminds one of these phenomena of vegetation.

At a certain altitude of fortune the financier thrives, the clubman, the society woman—all those, in short, for whom the strictly necessary includes a certain number of domestics and equipages as well as several town and country houses. Further on flourishes the rich upper middle class, with its own standards and life. In other regions we find men of ample, moderate or small means and very unlike exigencies. Then come the people, artisans, day laborers, peasants—in short, the masses—who live dense and serried like the thick, sturdy growths on the summits of the mountains, where the larger vegetation can no longer find nourishment. In all these different regions of society men live, and, no matter in which particular regions they flourish, all are alike human beings, bearing the same mark. How strange that among fellows there should be such a prodigious difference in requirements! And here the analogies of our comparison fail us. Plants and animals of the same families have identical wants. In human life we observe quite the contrary. What conclusion

shall we draw from this if not that with us there is a considerable elasticity in the nature and number of needs? Is it well, is it favorable to the development of the individual and his happiness and to the development and happiness of society, that man should have a multitude of needs and bend his energies to their satisfaction? Let us return for a moment to our comparison with inferior beings. Provided that their essential wants are satisfied, they live content. Is this true of men? No. In all classes of society we find discontent.

I leave completely out of the question those who lack the necessities of life. One cannot with justice count in the number of malcontents those from whom hunger, cold and misery wring complaints. I am considering now that multitude of people who live under conditions at least supportable. Whence comes their heartburning? Why is it found not only among those of modest though sufficient means, but also under shades of ever increasing refinement, all along the ascending scale, even to opulence and the summits of social place? They talk of the contented middle classes. Who talk of them? People who, judging from without, think that as soon as one begins to enjoy ease he ought to be satisfied. But the middle classes themselves—do they consider themselves satisfied? Not the least in the world. If there are people at once rich and content, be assured that they are content because they know how to be so, not because they are rich. An animal is satisfied when it has eaten, it lies down and sleeps. A man also can lie down and sleep for a time, but it never lasts. When he becomes accustomed to this contentment he tires of it and demands a greater. Man's appetite is not appeased by food; it increases with eating. This may seem absurd, but it is strictly true.

And the fact that those who make the most outcry are almost always those who should find the best reasons for contentment proves unquestionably that happiness is not allied to the number of our needs and the zeal we put into their cultivation. It is for every one's interest to let this truth sink deep into his mind. If it does not, if he does not by decisive action succeed in limiting his needs, he risks a descent, insensible and beyond retreat, along the declivity of desire.

He who lives to eat, drink, sleep, dress, take his walk—in short, pamper himself all that he can—be it the courtier basking in the sun, the drunken laborer, the commoner serving his belly, the woman absorbed in her toilets, the prodigal of low estate or high, or simply the ordinary pleasure lover, a "good fellow," but too obedient to material needs—that man or woman is on the downward way of desire, and the descent is fatal. Those who follow it obey the same laws as a body on an inclined plane. Dupes of an illusion forever repeated, they think, "Just a few steps more, the last, toward the thing I want there that we covet; then we will halt." But the velocity they gain sweeps them on, and the farther they go the less able they are to resist it.

Here is the secret of the unrest, the madness, of many of our contemporaries. Having conceived their will to the service of their appetites, they suffer the penalty. They are delivered up to violent passions which devour their flesh, crush their bones, suck their blood and cannot be sated. This is not a lofty moral denunciation. I have been listening to what life says, and have recorded as I heard them some of the truths that resound in every square.

Has drunkenness, inventive as it is of new drinks, found the means of quenching thirst? Not at all. It might rather be called the art of making thirst inextinguishable. Frank libertage, does it deaden the sting of the senses? No; it envenoms it, converts natural desire into a morbid obsession and makes it the dominant passion. Let your needs rule you, pamper them, you will see them multiply like insects in the sun. The more you give them

the more they demand. He is senseless who seeks for happiness in material prosperity alone. As well undertake to fill the cask of the Demetrius. To those who have millions, millions are wanting; to those who have thousands, thousands. Others lack a twenty franc piece or a hundred sous. When they have a chicken in the pot they ask for a goose; when they have the goose they wish it were a turkey, and so on. We shall never learn how fatal this tendency is. There are too many humble people who wish to imitate the great, too many poor workmen who ape the well to do middle classes, too many shopgirls who play at being ladies, too many clerks who act the clubman or sportsman, and among those in easy circumstances and the rich are too many people who forget that what they possess could serve a better purpose than procuring pleasure for themselves, only to find in the end that one never has enough. Our needs, in place of the servants that they should be, have become a turbulent and seditious crowd, a legion of tyrants in miniature. A man or a lady to his needs may be compared to a bear with a ring in its snout, that it cannot and does not dare to quit.

The madness is not that feeling, but you will grant that it is true. It is the truth of their own needs that is wrong, of those men and women who have gone on and on, even to dishonor, for the sake of their needs. They had no other goal in view than to satisfy themselves by the means of the world. There are many goals in the clouds, but of those who could give us a light on the subject of too exacting needs.

Let me tell you the story of an excellent man whom I knew. He tenderly loved his wife and children, and

they all lived together, in France, in comfort and plenty, but with little of the luxury the wife coveted. Always short of money, though with a little management he might have been at ease, he ended by exiling himself to a distant colony, leaving his wife and children in the mother country. I don't know how the poor man can feel off there, but his family has a finer apartment, more beautiful toilets and what passes for an equipage. At present they are perfectly contented, but soon they will be used to this luxury—rudimentary after all. Then madam will find her furniture common and her equipage mean. If this man loves his wife, and that cannot be doubted, he will migrate to the moon if there is hope of a larger stipend. In other cases the roles are reversed and the wife and children are sacrificed to the ravenous needs of the head of the family, whom an irregular life, play and countless other costly follies have robbed of all dignity. Between his appetites and his role of father he has decided for the former, and he slowly drifts toward the most abject egoism.

This forgetfulness of all responsibility, this gradual benumbing of noble feeling, is not alone to be found among pleasure seekers of the upper classes—the people also are infected. I know more than one little household which ought to be happy, where the mother has only pain and heartache day and night, the children are barefoot, and there is great ado for bread. Why? Because too much money is needed by the father. To speak only of the expenditure for alcohol, everybody knows the proportions that has reached in the last twenty years. The sums swallowed up in this gulf are fabulous—twice the indemnity of the war of 1870. How many legitimate needs could have been satisfied with that which has been thrown away on these artificial ones! The reign of wants is by no means the reign of brotherhood. The more things a man desires for himself, the less he can do for his neighbor, and even for those attached to him by ties of blood.

The destruction of happiness, independence, moral fitness, even of the sentiment of common interests—such is the result of the reign of needs. A multitude of other unfortunate things might be added, of which not the least is the disturbance of the public welfare. When society has too great needs it is absorbed with the present, sacrifices to it the conquests of the past, immolates to it the future. After us the deluge! To raze the forests in order to get gold; to squander your patrimony in youth, destroying in a day the fruit of long years; to warm your house by burning your furniture; to burden the future with debts for the sake of present pleasure; to live by expedients and sow for the morrow trouble, sickness, ruin, envy and hate—the enumeration of all the misdeeds of this fatal regime has no end.

On the other hand, if we hold to simple needs we avoid all these evils and replace them by measureless good. That temperance and sobriety are the best guardians of health is an old story. They spare him who observes them many a misery that saddens existence. They insure him health, love of action, mental peace. Whether it be a question of food, dress or dwelling, simplicity of taste is also a source of independence and safety. The more simply you live the more secure is your future. You are less at the mercy of surprises and reverses. An illness or a period of idleness does not suffice to dispossess you; a change of position, even considerable, does not put you to confusion. Having simple needs, you find it less painful to accustom yourself to the hazards of fortune. You remain a man, though you lose your office or your income, because the foundation on which your life rests is not your table, your cellar, your horses, your goods and chattels or your money. In adversity you will not act like a nursing deprived of its bottle and rattle. Stronger, better armed for the

struggle, presenting, like those with shaven heads, less advantage to the hands of your enemy, you will also be of more profit to your neighbor. For you will not rouse his jealousy, his base desires or his censure by your luxury, your prodigality or the spectacle of a sycophant's life, and, less absorbed in your own comfort, you will find the means of working for that of others.

## CHAPTER VII. SIMPLE PLEASURES.

DO you find life amusing in these days? For my part, on the whole, it seems rather depressing, and I fear that my opinion is not altogether personal. As I observe the lives of my contemporaries and listen to their talk I find myself unhappily confirmed in the opinion that they do not get much pleasure out of things. And certainly it is not from lack of trying. But it must be acknowledged that their success is meager. Where can the fault be?

Some accuse politics or business, others social problems or militarism. We meet only an embarrassment of choice when we start to musing the chaplet of our earthing cares. Suppose we set out in pursuit of pleasure. There is too much pepper in our soup to make it palatable. Our arms are filled with a multitude of embarrassments, any one of which would be enough to spoil our temper. From morning till night, wherever we go, the people we meet are hurried, worried, preoccupied. Some have split their good blood in the miserable conflicts of petty politics; others are so heartened by the news of a victory, so busy they have encountered in the world of literature or art. Commercial competition troubles the sleep of a few. The crowded curricula of study and the exigencies of their opening careers spoil life for young men. The working classes suffer the conse-

quences of a ceaseless struggle. It is becoming disagreeable to govern because authority is diminishing; to teach, because respect is vanishing. Wherever one turns there is matter for discontent.

And yet history shows us certain epochs of upheaval which were as lacking in idyllic tranquillity as is our own, but which the gravest events did not prevent from being gay. It even seems as if the seriousness of affairs, the uncertainty of the morrow, the violence of social convulsions, sometimes became a new source of vitality. It is not a rare thing to hear soldiers singing between two battles, and I think myself nowise mistaken in saying that human joy has celebrated its finest triumphs under the greatest tests of endurance. But to sleep peacefully on the eve of battle, or to exult at the stake, men had then the stimulus of an internal harmony which we perhaps lack. Joy is not in things. It is in us, and I hold to the belief that the causes of our present unrest, of this contagious discontent spreading everywhere, are in us at least as much as in exterior conditions.

To give oneself up heartily to diversion one must feel himself on a solid basis, must believe in life and find it within him. And here lies our weakness. So many of us—even, alas, the younger men—are at variance with life, and I do not speak of philosophers only. How do you think a man can be amused while he has his doubts whether, after all, life is worth living? Besides this, one observes a disquieting depression of vital force, which must be attributed to the abuse man makes of his sensations. Excess of all kinds has blurred our senses and poisoned our faculty for happiness. Human nature succumbs under the irregularities imposed upon it. Deeply attracted at its root, the desire to live, persistent in spite of everything, seeks satisfaction in cheats and baubles. In medical science we have recourse to artificial respiration, artificial alimentation and galvanism. So, too, around expiring pleasures we see a crowd of its votaries exerting themselves to reawaken it, to reanimate it. Most ingenious means have been invented; it can never be said that expense has been spared. Everything has been tried, the possible and the impossible. But in all these complicated alchemies no one has ever arrived at distilling a drop of veritable joy. We must not confound pleasure with the instruments of pleasure. To be a painter, does it suffice to arm oneself with a brush, or does the purchase at great cost of a Stradivarius make one a musician? No more, if you had the whole paraphernalia of amusement in the perfection of its ingenuity, would it advance you upon your road. But with a bit of crayon a great artist makes an immortal sketch. It needs talent or genius to paint; and to amuse oneself, the faculty of being happy—whatever possesses it is amused at slight cost. This faculty is destroyed by skepticism, artificial living, overabundance; it is fostered by confidence, moderation and normal habits of thought and action.

An excellent proof of my proposition, and one very easily encountered, lies in the fact that wherever life is simple and some true pleasure accompanies it as fragrance does unperfumed flowers. Be this life hard, hampered, devoid of all things ordinarily considered as the very conditions of pleasure, the rare and delicate plant, joy, flourishes there. It springs up between the flags of the pavement, on an arid wall, in the fissure of a rock. We ask ourselves how it comes and whence, but it lives, while in the soft warmth of conservatories or in fields richly fertilized you cultivate it at a golden cost to see it fade and die in your hand.

Ask actors what audience is happiest at the play. They will tell you the popular one. The reason is not hard to grasp. To these people the play is an exception. They are not bored by it from overindulgence. And, too, to them it is a rest from rude toil. The pleasure they enjoy they have honestly earned, and they know its cost as they know that of each sou earned by the sweat of their labor. More, they have not frequented the wings, they have no intrigues with the actresses, they do not see the wires pulled. To them it is all real. And so they feel pleasure unalloyed. I think I see the sated skeptic, whose monodic glances in that box, cast a disdainful glance over the smiling crowd.

Poor stupid creatures, ignorant and gross.

And yet they are the true liver, while he is an artificial product, a manikin, incapable of experiencing this fine and salutary intoxication of an hour of frank pleasure.

Unhappily, ingenuousness is disappearing even in the rural districts. We see the people of our cities and those of the country in their turn breaking with the good traditions. The mind, warped by alcohol, by the passion for gambling and by unhealthy literature, contracts little by little perverted tastes. Artificial life makes intrusion into communities once simple in their pleasures, and it is like phylloxera to the vine. The robust tree of rustic joy finds its sap drained, its leaves turning yellow.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Before and After.

Mr. Busybody—Pardon me for mentioning it, but isn't your wife a little rude to you at times? Mr. Henpecked—Well, it does seem so to me. Before we were married she used to sit on my knee. Now she sits all over me.—Salem Journal.

Not Using It.

Mr. Green—Miss Pussay says she has a prescription for perpetual youth. Miss Sarcasme—It's a wonder she wouldn't take it to a drug store and have it put up.—Detroit Free Press







## WITTE'S STAR ASCENDANT.

**William J. Bryan Urges Democrats in Congress to Back Him Up.**

## WOULD BENEFIT THE PARTY

**Western Leader Receives Ovation at Jackson Day Banquet at Lafayette, Ind.—Causes of Recent Democratic Defeat are Frankly Discussed.**

Lafayette, Ind., Jan. 11.—Several national leaders of the Democratic party and many prominent state Democrats broke bread at the eighth annual banquet of the Jackson club. There were addresses in which William J. Bryan received the largest share of applause, but National Chairman Thomas Taggart was also accorded an ovation. More than 800 persons sat down at the first table.

William Jennings Bryan was the last speaker of the evening. He spoke in part as follows:

"What the Democratic party most needs today is to be animated by the spirit of Andrew Jackson as it approaches pending problems. It suffered overwhelming defeat last November and the prime cause of that defeat is to be found in the fact that it lacked this spirit. It cannot hope either to win or deserve success until it becomes in reality a Jackson party and, like 'Old Hickory,' is ready to take the people's side of every question without stopping to count the cost or to measure the prospects of immediate success."

Mr. Bryan outlined his well-known views regarding the labor question, finance, imperialism and the trusts, and then discussed the tariff, saying:

### Tariff Commission Useless.

"The party's position in favor of tariff reform cannot be abandoned without conceding the right of the government to tax those who consume the products of protected industries in order to enrich the owners of those industries. It is suggested that we are to have a tariff commission to investigate and report upon tariff revision, but as that commission will report in favor of a protective tariff or a revenue tariff the question must, at last be fought out in congress and the commission will simply delay action without materially affecting the result. The tariff cannot well be considered without considering the income tax, for no general reduction of tariff can be made without either a large decrease in the expenses of the government or the establishment of an income tax."

"The consolidation of railroads, the giving of rebates, the making of discriminations, the watering of stocks, the charging of excessive rates, and corruption of public officials, all these are combining to force upon the public the consideration of the railroad question. President Roosevelt is just now entering upon a contest for the regulation of railroad rates and the Democrats ought to heartily support him in the position he is taking. If even with Democratic assistance, he fails, the Democratic party will profit by the educational work which he is doing and the railroad question will be made still more acute."

### Public Ownership is Solution.

"While I am anxious that the virtue of government supervision and regulation shall be fully tried, I find myself inclining to the belief that public ownership is the only permanent cure for the evils which have grown out of the management of the great arteries of trade by a few individuals who have only their own pecuniary interests in view and who exploit the public to the extent that the traffic will bear. I believe that the federal ownership of trunk lines and the state ownership of the network of local railroads will furnish a solution of the problem. State ownership of the many local lines would give the people the benefit of public ownership without the dangers of centralization, and the federal ownership of trunk lines would answer the purpose of interstate commerce."

"It is for the members of the Democratic party to deal with these and similar questions with the courage that Jackson displayed in dealing with the questions which confronted his generation. That Democratic principles are sound does not, among Democrats at least, admit of dispute, for they rest upon belief in the brotherhood of man. That these principles will triumph cannot be doubted by those who believe in their truth, for truth is mighty and must at last prevail."

### President Withdraws Indorsement.

Washington, Jan. 11.—President Roosevelt has withdrawn the letter which he wrote last March extending to the American Newsboys Magazine his wishes for its success. The withdrawal is caused by his disapproval of the manner of conducting the magazine.

### Turkey Preparing for War.

London, Jan. 11.—Preparations by Turkey and Bulgaria for a possible war this year are confirmed by a letter received in London from a minister accredited to the Balkan courts.

## WORK MAPPED OUT

**President Wants Tariff Revised and Railroad Rates Regulated.**

## WILL CALL AN EXTRA SESSION

**Party Leaders Informed of Chief Executive's Program—Will Fight Hard for Railway Legislation on Lines Indicated in Message.**

Washington, Jan. 11.—President Roosevelt favors the earliest possible action looking to a revision by congress of the tariff. He so informed the senators and representatives who were in conference with him at the White House and he has made plain his position to others since that conference. He will call the fifty-ninth congress into extraordinary session as soon as the committees have indicated that they are prepared to submit a tariff measure for passage.

One of those present at the conference on Saturday said that in view of the many conflicting stories regarding the meeting, the president informed them that while he did not believe in any sweeping revision of the tariff, and would abide absolutely by the judgment of the two houses of congress in a matter that related so particularly to them, yet he did think the time had come when the schedules should be thoroughly examined and there should be a readjustment as to certain of them.

### No Chance of Party Split.

There is not the least prospect of differences so radical arising between the president and the Republican leaders in congress over the tariff question as to cause a split in the party. While the president is deeply in earnest in his desire for tariff revision, he is willing to abide by the judgment of congress in the matter.

On another question, however, that of legislation relating to the interstate freight rates on railroads, his mind is quite made up. He will fight for that legislation and fight hard. He hopes to secure from congress some definite action regarding that legislation at the present session, but if he does not he will bring the subject again before congress at the proposed extraordinary session and will urge with all his power the cry-alization into law of the recommendations he has already made to congress on that question.

The freight rate question he regards as the paramount issue at this time, more important than revision of the tariff. He spoke plainly of his views at the conference concerning the freight rate problem. The expression of his attitude on the subject led to a free interchange of opinions regarding it, but no conclusions could be reached at this time.

### President Wants More Battleships.

Some consideration was given at the conference to the subject of appropriations for the present session of congress. The president cordially approved of the disposition of congress to hold the appropriations down to the lowest limit, but he urged very strongly that the naval appropriations should not be materially disturbed, saying that the best guarantee of peace for this country lies in a strong and homogeneous navy, and that the naval program as mapped out should be carried into effect without the dropping of a single vessel. The president maintained that congress should authorize the construction not merely of one or two cruisers, but of fighting ships, battleships, and he expressed the hope that agreement with him in this regard might be reached in congress.

### CURRENCY BILL DISCUSSED.

Republicans Accept Important Amendment by Democratic Leader.

Washington, Jan. 11.—The session of the house was given over almost entirely to discussion of the bill reported by the committee on banking and currency "to improve currency conditions." A sudden interest in the measure seemed to develop, as evidenced by the large membership present throughout the day. Democratic opposition mainly was dissipated by the adoption of an amendment offered by Mr. Williams of Mississippi, providing that government deposits shall be made only on competitive bids. Final action on the bill was not taken.

The impeachment charges on which Judge Charles Swayne will be tried were presented just before adjournment and notice was given by Mr. Palmer, of Pennsylvania, chairman of the committee of seven, which prepared them, that he would call the matter up tomorrow.

The senate continued consideration of the joint statehood bill, the chief accomplishment being the acceptance of most of the amendments suggested by the committee on Indian affairs. The former advocating an amendment for the protection of the interests of the Indians in Indian territory and the latter favoring limitation of the area of lands to be sold to individuals.

The bill for the reimbursement of American sealers for losses under the seizures in Bering sea also was considered, but a vote was not reached.

### PULLED KAISER'S TEETH.

**But Killed Himself When Rival Secured Large Practice.**

Berlin, Jan. 11.—Dr. Alonzo H. Sylvester, Emperor William's American dentist, shot himself through the head in his bed room. His suicide was caused by loss of practice, due to the success of a former partner.

The emperor was fond of Dr. Sylvester. He created him a royal Prussian councillor, appointed him his personal dentist and gave him many presents. Dr. Sylvester was the pioneer American dentist in Berlin having come here 30 years ago. He had an extraordinarily large professional income but has nevertheless financial difficulties. Recently Dr. Sylvester had been suffering from a severe attack of influenza and for two or three years past he had talked incoherently.

### TWO JAPANESE KILLED.

**Russian Deathtraps Inside Fortress Fulfill Deadly Mission.**

London, Jan. 11.—The correspondent at Port Arthur of the Daily Mail says that 20 Japanese were killed by the explosion of a contact mine inside one of the forts and that two mines in the town also exploded.

Tokio, Jan. 11.—Information has reached certain reliable quarters here that the Russian generals in Manchuria are losing confidence in General Kurapatkin and that the Russian situation around Mukden is a serious one. It is declared that if Kurapatkin attacks the Japanese position along the Shakhe river he will court disaster and that his further retreat will mean the demoralization of his army.

The climax came with the Russian defeat at the battle of Shakhe river, following Kurapatkin's strongly worded order directing the forward movement. This defeat brought a storm of criticism upon the commander-in-chief and resulted in discord among the officers.

Long inaction, the information alleged, is undermining the morale of the Russian army and it is pointed out that recent skirmishes and outpost brushes indicate that the Russian soldiers are becoming disheartened, as they do not show their former fighting spirit or qualities.

The siege guns to be sent to Manchuria from Port Arthur will probably be placed in advanced positions for the purpose of enabling the Japanese to shell far into the Russian lines.

### FIGHT WITH THE MOROS.

**Two Soldiers Killed and Several Wounded in Philippine Encounter.**

Washington, Jan. 11.—The military secretary has received the following cablegram from Major General Corbin, commanding the Philippine division, in regard to an engagement on Jolo island:

"Regret to report death in action in Look district, Jolo, Second Lieutenant James M. Jewell, Fourteenth cavalry, and Private William F. O'Neil, Troop K, Fourteenth cavalry. Mother, Mrs. Catherine O'Neil, Minniconne, Wis."

"Action was incident to capture of a work held by Moro outlaws whom Major Hugh L. Scott has been attempting to secure by peaceful means for several months. Recently they have been attempting to secure recruits and stir up country, and kindly measures by Scott were mistaken by surrounding Moros for fear or weakness and signs of trouble growing necessitating action taken. Moro leader was killed and fort destroyed. Disturbances purely local and unimportant as relates to Jolo in general, which is in good condition. Most of wounded only slightly hurt. Valuable assistance was given and excellent service rendered by party from the U. S. S. Quiros, Lieutenant Walker."

## TALBOT WILL BE TRIED.

**Board of Inquiry Believe Scandal Has Gone Too Far.**

## WOULD ELECT INSPECTORS.

**Miners Believe They Should Choose Guardians of Their Lives.**

Reading, Pa., Jan. 11.—Despite lack of a quorum seven members of the board of inquiry appointed to probe the charges made against Bishop Talbot of the Central Pennsylvania diocese of the Protestant Episcopal church, by the Rev. I. N. W. Irvine, the deposed priest, met in this city and after a three hour conference adjourned to meet here on Friday. It is their opinion that the case must be settled to save the good name of the church. They believe there can be no withdrawal of the charges and that the case ought to be settled.

William B. Butler of Mauch Chunk, Pa., a lay member of the board, who was elected secretary, said that notwithstanding the Huntingdon signers had repudiated the charges and that the other signers had asked Bishop Tuttle to permit them to withdraw the accusations, the charges stand as prominently as ever before the members of the board, and neither repudiations nor withdrawals could avail while the reputation of a bishop is assailed.

Mr. Butler is also authority for the statement that Bishop Tuttle has refused to acquiesce in the request of the majority of the presenters for the withdrawal of the charges. "The charges once having been made and signed," he said, "are no longer the property of the presenters, but are now the property of the church, and they have nothing to do but let the matter take its own course."

### TWO FUGITIVES RETURN.

**Oligher and Zimmerman, Bankers, of Wooster, O., Arrive at Cleveland.**

Cleveland, Jan. 11.—L. P. Oligher and J. R. Zimmerman, defaulting officials of the Wooster (O.) National bank, arrived here in the custody of two secret service men from Victoria, B. C., where they were arrested.

The two bankers were at once arraigned before United States Commissioner Marlett. They both pleaded not guilty and waived a preliminary hearing. Bail was fixed at \$15,000 in each case. Oligher furnished bond once through a local surety company, with which it is understood, the sum named has been deposited by Oligher's friends. Zimmerman was unable to secure bond and remained in the custody of a deputy marshal during the night.

Oligher said he expected to return to Wooster within a few days. The bank, which was closed Nov. 19, is said to have a shortage of nearly \$250,000. Oligher and Zimmerman, who were respectively president and chairman of the board of directors of the concern, disappeared. Secret service men were put on their trail and finally located them through letters written by Oligher to his family in Wooster from Victoria.

### WOULD ELECT INSPECTORS.

**Miners Believe They Should Choose Guardians of Their Lives.**

Tamawqua, Pa., Jan. 11.—The convention of the seventh district of the United Mine Workers of America passed a resolution favoring the election of mine inspectors and members of the mine examining boards by the vote of the miners and that none but mine workers be allowed to vote for candidates for these offices.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Jan. 11.—According to the report sent out by Commissioner Neil on the miners' sliding scale, the average selling price of coal for December at tidewater was \$1.85 per ton. This will give the miners an increase of 7 per cent in wages, the same as during the two previous months.

### MEMORY FAILED HIM.

**Telegraph Operator's Neglect Responsible for Fatal Wreck.**

Shamokin, Pa., Jan. 11.—Harry Dunkelberger, telegraph operator at Weigh Scales, near which place a fatal train wreck occurred, in an interview said he was thinking of his invalid wife and forgot an order to hold the southbound passenger train at the Scales until an unattached northbound locomotive arrived there.

Consequently when the locomotive met the passenger train the wreck occurred which caused the death of two persons and the injury of a number of others. An inquest will be held when the injured trainmen are able to testify.

### SENATOR SCOTT RENOMINATED.

Charleston, W. Va., Jan. 11.—At the Republican caucus of the legislature held last night Senator Nathan B. Scott was unanimously chosen as the candidate of the caucus for United States senator to succeed himself.

### LEWIS SALADY KILLED WHILE HUNTING.

Zanesville, O., Jan. 11.—While hunting near Clayville, Guernsey county, Lewis Salady, age 50, was instantly killed by the accidental discharge of his gun.

### TWENTY SLAIN IN LABOR TROUBLES.

Tiflis, Russia, Jan. 11.—An official report says that 20 persons were killed during the labor disturbances in the oil region and that 44 oil towers were burned.

### HAYS GIVE CABINET DINNER.

Washington, Jan. 11.—Secretary and Mrs. Hay entertained the president and Mrs. Roosevelt at dinner last night.

## SWEET PEACE REIGNS

**Inaugural Address of Colorado's New Governor Is Pacific in Tone.**

## THE STATE HAS BEEN MALIGNED

**Recommends That Legislature Keep Pledges Made to the People, That Political Corruption Be Rooted Out, That Labor Disputes Be Arbitrated.**

Denver, Jan. 11.—Standing beneath the draped folds of the American flag, while the walls about him and the floor beneath him trembled in response to cannon that roared a salute in his honor, Alva Adams was inaugurated as governor of Colorado. The oath of office was administered by Chief Justice Gabbert. At the side of Governor Adams stood retiring Governor James Peabody, who will begin what will be an energetic and bitter contest for the governorship. Governor Adams in his inaugural address said:

"During the last two years Colorado has had many incidents to regret, many deeds to deplore, but much of our evil fame is due more to our own exaggerations than facts. The truth has been bad enough without partisan color. Lies need no press agent. It is not true that half the voters of Colorado are dynamiters and anarchists, nor is it true that the other half are shylocks and oppressors."

While strikes may not be forbidden, we may dream of the reign of justice, we may hope for conditions and laws that will make strikes unnecessary. First among these enactments in obedience to the expressed mandate of the people should be an honest 8-hour law. Let that promise be kept."

Next, an amendment to the arbitration law which shall require submission to arbitration of any grievance or difference between employer and employee. Where the parties to an industrial conflict honestly confer, a settlement is almost certain."

The election scandals in Denver, Teiler, Puello, Huerfano, Las Animas and some other counties indicate a needed change in our election laws and demand the enactment of an honest and efficient primary law. No assault upon free government is as serious as a corrupt ballot. The pure ballot is the very heart of our governmental system and where that fails democracy is a failure and a free republic is a delusion."

In framing our election laws see that their meshes are strong enough to hold big election thieves as well as small. The ordinary ballot crook at the polls is bad enough, but back of him, responsible for him, is some one infinitely stronger and more dangerous."

Washington, Jan. 11.—Somewhat of a sensation was caused in this city by the discovery of what appeared to be an attempt to blow up the statue of Frederick the Great, given to the United States by Emperor William of Germany and erected on the grounds of the army war college.

After careful investigation the police say the material used was incapable of producing damaging results. All the evidence tends to show that the effort to injure the statue was amateurish. It is regarded as an attempt to work up a sensation.

### HUNG BOMB ON FENCE.

**Ineffective Attempt Made to Dynamite Kaiser's Gift Statue.**

The police have not discovered any clue as to the identity of the perpetrator of the affair, the men who placed the "bomb" near the statue disappearing before identification.

A hole in the soft mud six inches deep shattered window panes in nearby buildings and five or six splinters of yellow clay on the steps summed up the damage done by the bomb, which had been placed on a high picket fence surrounding the statue.

The bomb was hung on the picket fence by a man who drove up in a carriage and then drove quickly away. A workman saw the smoking fuse, and seizing the bomb, threw it to a safe distance, where it exploded.

One effect of the explosion was the hurried building of a small watchbox beside the statue, where a watchman will be stationed all the time hereafter.

### SOLD SILVER FOR LEAD.

**Mysterious Disappearance of \$24,800 Worth of Bullion Cleared Up.**

East St. Louis, Ill., Jan. 11.—In the arrest and confession of William Burroughs, George Rodgers and William Majors the police have cleared up the mystery surrounding the robbery of a bonded car in the railroad yards here of \$24,800 worth of silver bullion consigned from the El Paso Smelting company to the mint at Philadelphia. The accused are teamsters.

Part of the bullion was recovered the day after the theft but the remainder is now supposed to have been used in a lead foundry, having been sold at 1 cent a pound, in mistake for the baser metal.

### Governor's Daughter Operated On.

Chicago, Jan. 11.—Dorothy Deneen, the 10-year-old daughter of Governor Deneen, was operated on for appendicitis last night. The physicians announce that everything seems favorable for the recovery of the patient.

## EYE WITNESS NOT CALLED.

**Sensation Develops in Dr. Gebhart Murder Trial.**

## MORE GRAFT CHARGES.

**Missouri Candidate for U. S. Senator Alleged to Be Implicated.**

Jefferson City, Mo., Jan. 11.—Representative Grace of St. Louis introduced a resolution in the lower house of the general assembly calling for an investigation of the report that St. Louis brewers had given \$21,000 to Thomas K. Niedringhaus, chairman of the state Republican committee and caucus nominee for United States senator, to influence legislation during the present session of the legislature. The resolution created a sensation. In an instant a dozen representatives were on their feet clamoring for recognition. A motion to bring the resolution on the table was lost after a roll call had been demanded.

### RUSH OF IMMIGRANTS.

**Russian Jews Flocking to America in Unprecedented Numbers.**

New York, Jan. 11.—During the last five months the number of Russian Hebrews arriving at this port has exceeded that of any other nationality and has amounted to 75,190. The immigration of this view the increase with alarm and are applying the immigration laws so rigidly as to increase the number of deportations greatly. In 10 days they have sent back by the steamers on which they came 528 immigrants, chiefly on the ground that they were "assisted."

### CHICAGO GRAIN MARKET.

Chicago, Jan. 10.—Heavy profit-taking today caused a weak finish in the wheat market. The May delivery, after almost equaling last September's high figures, closed at a loss of 3/4c, as compared with yesterday. Corn is up a shade. Oats show a gain of 3/4c. Closing quotations: Wheat, May, \$1.16 3/4; corn, May, 44 1/2; oats, 31 1/4.

### PITTSBURG MARKETS—JAN 9.

Corn—New yellow shelled, 50 1/2@51; new high mixed, 49 1/4@49 1/2; new yellow ear, 55 1/2@55 1/2.

Oats—No. 2 white, 36@36 1/2; No. 3, 35 1/2@36; No. 4, 34 1/2@35.

Hay—No. 1 timothy, \$13@13.25; No. 2, \$12@12.50; No. 1 clover, \$13@13.25; No. 1 mixed, \$12.50@12.75; loose from wagon, \$14@16.

Eggs—Selected, 30; candled, 28@29; storage, 22@23.

Butter—Prints, 32@32 1/2; tubs, 31 1/2@32; dairy, 23 1/2@24 1/2.

Cheese—New York full cream, new, 17 1/2@17 1/2; Ohio cream, 12 1/2@13; Limburger, new, 13 1/2@14.

Cattle—Prime to fancy, fat, smooth steers, \$5.50@6; green, coarse and rough, fat steers, \$3.25@3.75; fat, smooth, dry fed, light steers, \$3.50@4; choice mixed cows, \$3.50@4.50; medium to good milk cows, \$2.00@3.50; good, fat, smooth, handy butchers' bulls, \$2.75@3.25; feeding steers, good style, weight and extra quality, \$3@3.25; feed steers, common to good quality, \$2@2.75; fair to choice stock-ers, \$1.50@2.50.

Calves—Veas, good to choice, \$7.75@8.25; heavy and thin calves, \$3@6.

Hogs—Good to prime hams, \$4.90@4.95; medium weights, \$4.90@4.95; best heavy Yorkers, \$4.90@4.95; good light Yorkers, \$4.75@4.80; pigs, good to prime, \$4.60@4.70.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, \$5.25@5.50; good to choice mixed, \$4.50@5.10; fair to good mixed, \$3.50@4.50; culs and common, \$3@3.25; lambs, spring, \$4@7.75.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE



## The Simple Life

By CHARLES WAGNER

Translated From the French by Mary Louise Hendee

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[CONTINUED.]

Compare a fete champetre of the good old style with the village festivals, so called, of today. In the one case, in the honored setting of antique costumes, genuine countrymen sing the folk songs, dance rustic dances, regale themselves with native drinks and seem entirely in their element. They take their pleasure as the blacksmith forges, as the cascade tumbles over the rocks, as the colts frisk in the meadows. It is contagious; it stirs your heart. In spite of yourself you are ready to cry: "Bravo, my children! That is fine!" You want to join in. In the other case you see villagers disguised as city folk, countrywomen made hideous by the modiste, and, as the chief ornament of the festival, a lot of degenerates who bawl the songs of music halls, and sometimes in the place of honor a group of tenth rate barn stormers, imported for the occasion, to civilize these rustics and give them a taste of refined pleasures. For drinks, liquors mixed with brandy or absinth—in the whole thing neither originality nor picturesqueness. License, indeed, and clownishness, but not that abandon which ingenious joy brings in its train.

This question of pleasure is capital. Staid people generally neglect it as a frivolity; utilitarians, as a costly superfluity. Those whom we designate as pleasure seekers forage in this delicate domain like wild boars in a garden. No one seems to doubt the immense human interest attached to joy. It is a sacred flame that must be fed and that throws a splendid radiance over life. He who takes pains to foster it accomplishes a work as profitable for humanity as he who builds bridges, pierces tunnels or cultivates the ground. So to order one's life as to keep, amid toils and suffering, the faculty of happiness and be able to propagate it in a sort of salutary contagion among one's fellow men is to do a work of fraternity in the noblest sense. To give a trifling pleasure, smooth an anxious brow, bring a little light into dark paths—what a truly divine office in the midst of this poor humanity! But it is only in great simplicity of heart that one succeeds in filling it.

We are not simple enough to be happy and to render others so. We lack the singleness of heart and the self forgetfulness. We spread joy, as we do consolation, by such methods as to obtain negative results. To console a person what do we do? We set to work to dispute his suffering, persuade him that he is mistaken in thinking himself unhappy. In reality our language translated into truthful speech would amount to this: "You suffer, my friend? That is strange. You must be mistaken, for I feel nothing." As the only human means of soothing grief is to share it in the heart, how must a sufferer feel consoled in this fashion?

To divert our neighbor, make him pass an agreeable hour, we set out in the same way. We invite him to admire our versatility, to laugh at our wit, to frequent our house, to sit at our table. Through it all our desire to shine breaks forth. Sometimes, also, with a patron's prodigality we offer him the beneficence of a public entertainment of our own choosing, unless we ask him to find amusement at our home, as we sometimes do to make up a party at cards, with the arrondissement of exploiting him to our own profit. Do you think it the height of pleasure for others to admire us, to admit our superiority and to act as our tools? Is there anything in the world so disgusting as to feel oneself patronized, made capital of, enrolled in a clique? To give pleasure to others and take it ourselves we have to begin by removing the ego, which is hateful, and then keep it in chains as long as the diversions last. There is no worse kill-joy than the ego. We must be good children, sweet and kind, button our coats over our medals and titles and with our whole heart put ourselves at the disposal of others.

Let us sometimes live—be it only for an hour, and though we must lay all aside aside—to make others smile. The sacrifice is only in appearance. No one finds more pleasure for himself than he who knows how, without ostentation, to give himself that he may procure for those around him a moment of forgetfulness and happiness.

When shall we be so simply and truly men as not to obtrude our personal business and distresses upon the people we meet socially? May we not forget for an hour our pretensions, our strife, our distributions into sets and cliques—in short, our "parts"—and become as children once more, to laugh again that good laugh which does so much to make the world better?

Here I feel drawn to speak of something very particular, and in so doing to offer my well disposed readers an opportunity to go about a splendid business. I want to call their attention to several classes of people seldom thought of with reference to their pleasures.

It is understood that a broom serves only to sweep, a watering pot to water plants, a coffee mill to grind coffee, and likewise it is supposed that a purse is designed only to care for the sick, a professor to teach, a priest to preach, bury and confess, a sentinel to guard, and the conclusion is

drawn that the people given up to the more serious business of life are dedicated to labor, like the ox. Amusement is incompatible with their activities. Pushing this view still further, we think ourselves warranted in believing that the infirm, the afflicted, the bankrupt, the vanquished in life's battle and all those who carry heavy burdens are in the shade, like the northern slopes of mountains, and that it is so of necessity; whence the conclusion that serious people have no need of pleasure and that to offer it to them would be unbecomingly, while as to the afflicted, there would be a lack of delicacy in breaking the thread of their sad meditations. It seems therefore to be understood that certain persons are condemned to be always serious, that we should approach them in a serious frame of mind and talk to them only of serious things. So, too, when we visit the sick or unfortunate, we should leave our smiles at the door, compose our face and manner to solemnity and talk of anything heart-rending. Thus we carry darkness to those in darkness, shade to those in shade. We increase the isolation of solitary lives and the monotony of dull and sad. We wall up some existences, as it were, in dungeons, and because the grass grows round their deserted prison house we speak low in approaching it, as though it were a tomb. Who suspects the work of infernal cruelty which is thus accomplished every day in the world! This ought not to be.

When you find men or women whose lives are lost in hard tasks or in the painful office of seeking out human wretchedness and binding up wounds, remember that they are beings made like you; that they have the same wants; that there are hours when they need pleasure and diversion. You will not turn them aside from their mission by making them laugh occasionally, these people who see so many tears and griefs. On the contrary, you will give them strength to go on the better with their work.

And when people whom you know are in trial, do not draw a sanitary curtain round them, as though they had the plague, that you cross only with precautions which recall to them their sad lot. On the contrary, after showing all your sympathy, all your respect, for their grief, comfort them, help them to take up life again, carry them a breath from the out of doors—something, in short, to remind them that their misfortune does not shut them off from the world.

And so extend your sympathy to those whose work quite absorbs them; who are, so to put it, tied down. The world is full of men and women sacrificed to others, who never have either rest or pleasure and to whom the least relaxation, the slightest respite, is a rare pleasure. And this minimum of comfort could be so easily found for them if only we thought of it. But the broom, you know, is made for sweeping, and it seems as though it could not be fatigued. Let us rid ourselves of this criminal blindness which prevents us from seeing the exhaustion of those who are always in the breach. Relieve the sentinels perishing at their posts; give Sisyphus an hour to breathe; take for a moment the place of the mother, a slave to the cares of her house and her children; sacrifice an hour of our sleep for some one worn by long vigils with the sick. Young girl, tired sometimes perhaps of your walk with your governess, take the cook's apron and give her the key to the hells. You will at once make others happy and be happy yourself. We go unconsciously along beside our brothers who are bent under burdens we might take upon ourselves for a minute. And this short respite would suffice to soothe aches, revive the flame of joy in a heart and open up a wide place for brotherliness. How much better would one understand another if he knew how to put himself heartily in that other's place, and how much more pleasure there would be in life!

I have spoken too fully elsewhere of systematizing amusements for the young to return to it here in detail, but I wish to say in substance what can not be too often repeated: If you wish youth to be moral do not neglect its pleasures or leave to chance the task of providing them. You will perhaps say that young people do not like to have their amusements submitted to regulations and that, besides, in our day they are already overspilled and divert themselves only too much. I shall reply, first, that one may suggest ideas, indicate directions, offer opportunities for amusement, without making any regulations whatever. In the second place, I shall make you see that you deceive yourselves in thinking youth has too much diversion. Aside from amusements that are artificial, enervating and immoral, that blight life instead of making it bloom in splendor, there are very few left today. Abuse, that enemy of legitimate use, has so befouled the world that it is becoming difficult to touch anything but what is unclean; whence watchfulness, warnings and endless prohibitions. One can hardly stir without encountering something that resembles unhealthy pleasure. Among young people of today, particularly the self respecting, the dearth of amusements causes real suffering. One is not weaned from this

generous wine without discomfort. Impossible to prolong this state of affairs without deepening the shadow round the heads of the younger generations. We must come to their aid. Our children are heirs of a joyless world. We bequeath them cares, hard questions, a life heavy with shackles and complexities. Let us at least make an effort to brighten the morning of their days; let us interest ourselves in their sports, find them pleasure grounds, open to them our hearts and our homes; let us bring the family into our amusements; let gaiety cease to be a commodity of export; let us call in our

sons, whom our gloomy interiors send out into the street, and our daughters, moping in dismal solitude; let us multiply anniversaries, family parties and excursions; let us raise good humor in our homes to the height of an institution; let the schools, too, do their part; let masters and students—schoolboys and college boys—meet together often for amusement. It will be so much the better for serious work. There is no such aid to understanding one's profession as to have laughed in his company, and, conversely, to be well understood a pupil must be not elsewhere than in class or examination.

And who will furnish the money? What a question! That is exactly the error. Pleasure and money—people take them for the two wings of the same bird! A gross illusion! Pleasure, like all other truly precious things in this world, cannot be bought or sold. If you wish to be amused you must do your part toward it. That is the essential. There is no prohibition against opening your purse, if you can do it and find it desirable. But I assure you it is not indispensable. Pleasure and simplicity are two old acquaintances. Entertain simply, meet your friends simply. If you come from work well done, are as amiable and genuine as possible toward your companions and speak no evil of the absent, your success is sure.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE MERCENARY SPIRIT AND SIMPLICITY. We have in passing touched upon a certain widespread prejudice which attributes to money a magic power. Having come so near enchanted ground, we will not retire in awe, but plant a firm foot here, persuaded of many truths that should be spoken. They are not new, but how they are forgotten!

I see no possible way of doing without money. The only thing that theorists or legislators who accuse it of all our ills have hitherto achieved has been to change its name or form. But they have never been able to dispense with a symbol representative of the commercial value of things. One might as well wish to do away with written language as to do away with money. Nevertheless this question of a circulating medium is very troublesome. It forms one of the chief elements of complication in our life. The economic difficulties amid which we still flounder, social conventionalities and the entire organization of modern life have carried gold to a rank so eminent that it is not astonishing to find the imagination of man attributing to it a sort of royalty. And it is on this side that we shall attack the problem.

The term money has for appellation that of merchandise. If there were no merchandise there would be no money, but as long as there is merchandise there will be money, little matter under what form. The source of all the abuses which center around money lies in a lack of discrimination. People have confused under the term and idea of merchandise things which have no relation with one another. They have attempted to give a venal value to things which neither could have it nor ought to. The idea of purchase and sale has invaded ground where it may justly be considered an enemy and a usurper. It is reasonable that wheat, potatoes, wine, fabrics, should be bought and sold, and it is perfectly natural that a man's labor procure him rights to life and that there be put into his hands something whose value represents them, but here already the analogy ceases to be complete. A man's labor is not merchandise in the same sense as a sack of flour or a ton of coal. Into this labor enter elements which cannot be valued in money. In short, there are things which can in no wise be bought and sold, for instance, knowledge of the future, talent. He who offers them for sale must be considered a fool or an impostor, and yet there are gentlemen who coin money by such traffic. They sell what does not belong to them, and their dupes pay fictitious values in veritable coin. So, too, there are dealers in pleasure, dealers in love, dealers in miracles, dealers in patriotism, and the title of merchant, so honorable when it represents a man selling that which is in truth a commodity of trade, becomes the worst of stigmas when there is question of the heart, of religion, of country.

Almost all men are agreed that to barter with one's sentiments, his honor, his cloth, his pen, or his note, is infamous. Unfortunately this idea, which suffers no contradiction as a theory and which thus stated seems rather a commonplace than a high moral truth, has infinite trouble to make its way in practice. Traffic has invaded the world. The money changers are established even in the sanctuary, and by sanctuary I do not mean religious things alone, but whatever mankind holds sacred and inviolable. It is not gold that complicates, corrupts and debases life; it is our mercenary spirit.

The mercenary spirit resolves everything into a single question, How much is that going to bring me? and sums up everything in a single axiom. With money you can procure anything. Following these two principles of conduct, a society may descend to a degree of infamy impossible to describe or to imagine.

How much is it going to bring me? This question, so legitimate while it concerns those precautions which each ought to take to assure his subsistence by his labor, becomes perilous as soon as it passes its limits and dominates the whole life. This is so true that it vitiates even the toil which gains our daily bread. I furnish paid labor; nothing could be better. But if to inspire me in this labor I have only the desire to get the pay nothing could be worse. A man whose only motive for action is his wages does a bad piece of work. What interests him is not the doing, it's the gold. If he can retrench in pains without lessening his

gains, he is assured that he will do it. Plowman, mason, factory laborer, he who loves not his work puts into it neither interest nor dignity—is, in short, a bad workman. It is not well to confide one's life to a doctor who is wholly engrossed in his fees, for the spring of his action is the desire to garnish his purse with the contents of yours. If it is for his interest that you should suffer longer, he is capable of fostering your malady instead of fortifying your strength. The instructor of children who cares for his work only so far as it brings him profit is a sad teacher, for his pay is indifferent and his teaching more indifferent still. Of what value is the mercenary journalist? The day you write for the dollar your prose is not worth the dollar you write for. The more elevated in kind is the object of human labor, the more the mercenary spirit, if it be present, makes this labor void and corrupts it.

There are a thousand reasons to say that all toil merits its wage, that every man who devotes his energies to providing for his life should have his place in the sun and that he who does nothing useful—does not gain his livelihood, in short—is only a parasite. But there is no greater social error than to make gain the sole motive of action. The best we put into our work—be that work done by strength of muscle, warmth of heart or concentration of mind—is precisely that for which no one can pay us. Nothing better proves that man is not a machine than this fact: Two men at work with the same forces and the same movements produce totally different results. Where lies the cause of this phenomenon? In the divergence of their intentions. One has the mercenary spirit, the other has singleness of purpose. Both receive their pay, but the labor of the one is barren; the other has put his soul into his work. The work of the first is like a grain of sand, out of which nothing comes through all eternity; the other's work is like the living seed thrown into the ground. It germinates and brings forth harvests. This is the secret which explains why so many people have failed while employing the very processes by which others succeed. Automaton do not reproduce their kind, and mercenary labor yields no fruit.

Unquestionably we must bow before economic facts and recognize the difficulties of living. From day to day it becomes more imperative to combine well one's forces in order to succeed in feeding, clothing, housing and bringing up a family. He who does not rightly take account of these crying necessities, who makes no calculation, no provision for the future, is but a visionary or an incompetent and runs the risk of sooner or later asking alms from those at whose parsimony he has sneered. And yet what would become of us if these cares absorbed us entirely—if, mere accountants, we should wish to measure our effort by the money it brings, do nothing that does not end in a receipt, and consider as things worthless or pains lost whatever cannot be drawn up in figures on the pages of a ledger? Did our mothers look for pay in loving us and caring for us? What would become of filial piety if we asked it for loving and caring for our aged parents?

What does it cost you to speak the truth? Misunderstandings, sometimes sufferings and persecutions. To defend your country? Weariness, wounds and often death. To do good? Annoyance, ingratitude, even resentment. Self sacrifice enters into all the essential actions of humanity. I defy the closest calculators to maintain their position in the world without ever appealing to aught but their calculations. True, those who know how to make their "pile" are rated as men of ability. But look a little closer. How much of it do they owe to the selfishness of the simple hearted? Would they have succeeded had they met only shrewd men of their own sort, having for device, "No money, no service?" Let us be outspoken. It is due to certain people who do not count too rigorously that the world gets on. The most beautiful acts of service and the hardest tasks have generally little remuneration or none. Fortunately there are always men ready for unselfish deeds, and even for those paid only in suffering, though they cost gold, peace and even life. The part these men play is often painful and discouraging. Who of us has not heard recitals of experiences wherein the narrator regretted some past kindness he had done, some trouble he had taken, to have nothing but vexation in return? These confidences generally end thus: "It was folly to do the thing!" Sometimes it is right so to judge, for it is always a mistake to cast pearls before swine. But how many lives there are whose sole acts of real beauty are those very ones of which the doers repent because of men's ingratitude! Our wish for humanity is that the number of these foolish deeds may go on increasing.

And now I arrive at the credo of the mercenary spirit. It is characterized by brevity. For the mercenary man the law and the prophets are contained in this one axiom: "With money you can get anything." From a surface view of our social life nothing seems more evident. "The sinews of war," "the shining mark," "the key that opens all doors," "king money"—if one gathered up all the sayings about the glory and power of gold he could make a litany longer than that which is chanted in honor of the Virgin. You must be without a penny, if only for a day or two, and try to live in this world of ours, to have any idea of the needs of him whose purse is empty.

I invite those who love contrasts and unforeseen situations to attempt to live without money three days and far from their friends and acquaintances—in short, far from the society in which they are somebody. They will gain more experience in forty-eight hours than in a year otherwise. Alas for

some people! They have this experience thrust upon them, and when veritable ruin descends around their heads it is useless to remain in their own country, among the companions of their youth, their former colleagues, even those indebted to them. People affect to know them no longer. With what bitterness do they comment on the creed of money! With gold one may have what he will; without it, impossible to have anything. They become pariahs, lepers, whom every one shuns. Elms swarm round cadavers, men round gold. Take away the gold, nobody is there. Oh, it has caused tears to flow, this creed of gain—bitter tears, tears of blood, even from those very eyes which once adored the golden calf!

And, with it all, this creed is false, quite false. I shall not advance to the attack with hackneyed tales of the rich man astray in a desert who cannot get even a drop of water for his gold, or the decrepit millionaire who would give half he has to buy from a stalwart fellow without a cent his twenty years and his lusty health; no more shall I attempt to prove that one cannot buy happiness. So many people who have money and so many more who have not would smile at this truth as the hardest ridden of saws. But I shall appeal to the common experience of each of you, to make you put your finger on the clumsy lie hidden beneath an axiom that all the world goes about repeating.

Fill your purse to the best of your means and let us set out for one of the watering places of which there are so many—I mean some little town formerly unknown and full of simple folk, respectful and hospitable, among whom it was good to be, and cost little. Fame with her hundred trumpets has announced them to the world and shown them how they can profit from their situation, their climate, their personality. You start out on the faith of Dame Rumor, flattering yourself that with your money you are going to find a quiet place to rest and, far from the world of civilization and convention, weave a bit of poetry into the warp of your days.

The beginning is good. Nature's setting and some patriarchal costumes, slow to disappear, delight you. But as time passes the impression is spoiled. The reverse side of things begins to show. This which you thought was as true antique as family heirlooms is naught but trickery to mystify the credulous. Everything is labeled; all is for sale, from the earth to the inhabitants. These primitives have become the most consummate of sharpers. Given your money, they have resolved the problem of getting it with the least expense to themselves. On all sides are nets and traps, like spider webs, and the fly that this gentry lies snugly in wait for is you. This is what twenty or thirty years of venality has done for a population once simple and honest, whose contact was grateful indeed to men worn by city life. Homemade bread has disappeared, butter comes from the dealer, they know to an art how to skim milk and adulterate wine; they have all the vices of dwellers in cities without their virtues.

As you leave you count your money. So much is wanting that you make complaint. You are wrong. One never pays too dear for the conviction that there are things which money will not buy. You have need in your house of an intelligent and competent servant. Attempt to find this rara avis. According to the principle that with money one may get anything, you ought, as the position you offer is inferior, ordinary, good or exceptional, to find servants unskilled, average, excellent, superior. But all those who present themselves for the vacant post are listed in the last category and are fortified with certificates to support their pretensions. It is true that nine times out of ten when put to the test these experts are found totally wanting. Then why did they engage themselves with you? They ought in truth to reply as does the cook in the comedy, who is dearly paid and proves to know nothing:

Why did you hire out as a cordon bleu? It was to get bigger commissions.

That is the great affair. You will always find people who like to get big wages. More rarely you find capable men. And if you are looking for probability the difficulty increases. Mercenaries may be had for the asking; faithfulness is another thing. Far be it from me to deny the existence of faithful servants, at once intelligent and upright. But you will encounter as many, if not more, among the ill paid as among those most highly salaried. And it little matters where you find them, you may be sure that they are not faithful in their own interest; they are faithful because they have somewhat of that simplicity which renders us capable of self abnegation.

We also hear on all sides the adage that money is the sinews of war. There is no question but that war costs much money, and we know something about it. Does this mean that in order to defend herself against her enemies and to honor her flag a country need only be rich? In olden time the Greeks took it upon themselves to teach the

Persians the contrary, and this lesson will never cease to be repeated in history. With money ships, cannon, horses may be bought, but not so military genius, administrative wisdom, discipline, enthusiasm. Put millions into the hands of your recruiters and charge them to bring you a great leader and an army. You will find a hundred captains instead of one, and a thousand soldiers. But put them under fire; you will have enough of your hirelings! At least one might imagine that with money alone it is possible to lighten misery. Ah, that, too, is an illusion from which we must turn away. Money, be the sum great or small, is a seed which germinates into abuses. Unless there go with it intelligence,

kindness, much knowledge of men, it will do nothing but harm, and we run great risk of corrupting both those who receive our bounty and those charged with its distribution.

Money will not answer for everything; it is a power, but it is not all powerful. Nothing complicates life, demoralizes man, perverts the normal course of society, like the development of venality. Wherever it reigns everybody is duped by everybody else; one can no longer put trust in persons or things, no longer obtain anything of value. We would not be detractors of money, but this general law must be applied to it: Everything in its own place. When gold, which should be a servant, becomes a tyrannical power affronting morality, dignity and liberty; when some exert themselves to obtain it at any price, offering for sale what is not merchandise, and others, possessing wealth, fancy that they can purchase what no one may buy, it is time to rise against this gross and criminal superstition and cry aloud to the imposture, "Thy money perish with thee!" The most precious things that man possesses he has almost always received gratuitously. Let him learn so to give them.

## CHAPTER IX.

NOTORIETY AND THE INGLOUSIOUS GOOD. ONE of the chief puerilities of our time is the love of advertisement. To emerge from obscurity, to be in the public eye, to make oneself talked of—some people are so consumed with this desire that we are justified in declaring them attacked with an itch for publicity. In their eyes obscurity is the height of ignominy, so they do their best to keep their names in every month. In their obscure position they look upon themselves as lost, like shipwrecked sailors whom a night of tempest has cast on some lonely rock and who have recourse to cries, volleys, fire, all the signals imaginable, to let it be known that they are there. Not content with setting off crackers and innocent rockets, many, to make themselves heard at any cost, have gone to the length of perjury and even crime. The incendiary Erastus has made numerous disciples. How many men of today have become notorious for having destroyed something of mark, pulled down—or tried to pull down—some man's high reputation; signaled their passage, in short, by a scandal, a meanness or an atrocity!

This rage for notoriety does not surge through cracked brains alone or only in the world of adventurers, charlatans and pretenders generally. It has spread abroad in all the domains of life, spiritual and material. Politics, literature, even science, and, most odious of all, philanthropy and religion are infected. Trumpets announce a good deed done, and souls must be saved with din and clamor. Pursuing its way of destruction, the rage for noise has entered places ordinarily silent, troubled spirits naturally serene and vitiated in large measure all activity for good. The abuse of showing everything on exhibition, the growing incapacity to appreciate that which chooses to remain hidden and the habit of estimating the value of things by the racket they make have come to corrupt the judgment of the most earnest men, and one sometimes wonders if society will not end by transforming itself into a great fair, with each one beating his drum in front of his tent.

Gladly do we quit the dust and din of like exhibitions to go and breathe peacefully in some faroff nook of the woods, all surprise that the brook is so limpid, the forest so still, the solitude so enchanting. Thank God there are yet these uninvaded corners! However formidable the uproar, however deafening the babel of merry andrews, it cannot carry beyond a certain limit. It grows faint and dies away. The realm of silence is vaster than the realm of noise. Herein is our consolation.

Rest a moment on the threshold of this infinite world of inglorious good, of quiet activities. Instantly we are under the charm we feel in stretches of untrodden snow, in hiding wood flowers, in disappearing pathways that seem to lead to horizons without bourn. The world is so made that the engines of labor, the most active agencies, are everywhere concealed. Nature affects a sort of coquetry in masking her operations. It costs you pains to spy her out, ingenuity to surprise her, if you would see anything but results and penetrate the secrets of her laboratories. Likewise in human society the forces which move for good remain invisible, and even in our individual lives; what is best in us is incommunicable, buried in the depths of us. And the more vital are these sensibilities and intuitions, confounding themselves with the very source of our being, the less ostentatious they are. They think themselves profaned by exposure to the light of day.

There is a secret and inexpressible joy in possessing at the heart of one's being, an interior world known only to God, whence, nevertheless, come impulses, enthusiasms, the daily renewal of courage and the most powerful motives for activity among our fellow men. When this intimate life loses in intensity, when man neglects it for what is superficial, he forfeits in worth all that he gains in appearance. By a sad fatality it happens that in this way we often become less admirable in proportion as we are more admired. And we remain convinced that what is best in the world is unknown there, for only those know it who possess it, and if they speak of it in so doing they destroy its charm.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

When the inexperienced go traveling they take along a guide book, the experienced a check book.—New York Press.



